Kevin and the Beaver

Poorly Written By Ervin Kosch

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Revised Rough Cut 3 – Now With 40% More Powder, 100% More Beaver Sass, One Very Reasonable Mom, and a Full Cast of Traumatized Camp Staff

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ACT I: THE SETUP

[VHS TRACKING LINES ROLL. A digital date stamp flickers: `OCT 12 1997 14:03`. The audio pops with a loud mic thump before settling into a tinny, slightly out-of-sync feed. The camera auto-white balance shifts from blue to violently orange.]

HOST (KEVIN, 14, WEARING A CAMPER COUNSELOR SHIRT BACKWARDS AND A LOOK OF PURE DELUSION): Welcome back to *Wilderness Wonders with Kev!* I'm your host, Kevin Vance, broadcasting live-ish from my parents' '89 Winnebago at Camp Pine-Scented! Today we're answering the question nobody asked but every beaver parent is secretly wondering: *How do you diaper a beaver?*

[Camera pans wobbly across pine-paneled walls, a sagging shower curtain used as a backdrop, and a folding table duct-taped with a hand-drawn sign: `STUDIO - NO TOUCHING (MOM, THIS MEANS YOU)`. A desk lamp clips onto a coat rack. The X10 wireless transmitter hums loudly, already picking up interference from a distant golf cart and what sounds like Mom stress-baking cookies.]

KEVIN: Beavers get wet. Beavers make messes. And nobody talks about it! But thanks to Baby-Soft™ and a three-ring binder full of my "field research" (mostly doodles of beavers in tiny pants), we're fixing that.

[Kevin gestures grandly to a milk-crate enclosure. Inside sits Barnaby the beaver—very much alive, very much judging. He pauses mid-chew on a PVC pipe, fixes the camera with a slow, betrayed side-eye that says "I trusted you, Kevin," then resumes gnawing like the pipe owes him money.]

KEVIN: Step one: secure the perimeter. I've already put down a tarp, because let's be honest, beavers don't read warning labels and they definitely don't respect carpet.

[From outside the camper door, a calm but already exhausted voice calls out.]

MOM (OFF-SCREEN, VOICE OF REASON #1): Kevin, honey? That beaver is a *wild animal*. You cannot just… diaper it. Put it back before it chews through something expensive.

KEVIN: (ignoring her completely) Supplies! We've got a jumbo cloth diaper big enough to swaddle a toddler, safety pins the size of wrenches, a tub of baby powder labeled `EXTRA FLUFFY` (now with 200% more regret), duct tape for structural integrity, and a colander. You'll see why. Let's get to it

before Barnaby chews through the power cord. *Again.*

[A sharp knock on the Winnebago door.]

CAMP COUNSELOR MIKE (OFF-SCREEN, already suspicious): Vance? You in there? We heard weird thumping. Director Hargrove says if you're doing another "survival special," it better not involve the wildlife again. Last time you tried to "interview" a raccoon we lost three trash cans.

BARNABY (gives Kevin an even longer, slower side-eye that now includes "and you dragged me into this?" energy).

ACT II: THE ATTEMPT

[Camera zooms in with a loud mechanical grind. Auto-focus hunts past Kevin's face, locks onto a half-eaten granola bar, then snaps back like it's embarrassed to be here.]

KEVIN: Alright, step two: approach the beaver like it's your uncle at a barbecue. Slow. Calm. Don't make eye contact with the tail. That's a splash zone trigger.

[Kevin kneels, holding the unfolded diaper like a matador's cape. Barnaby's eyes widen in cartoonish horror. He lets out a low, indignant chitter-chitter that somehow sounds like "You have got to be kidding me." The tail gives one warning slap—THWACK—like a judge's gavel.]

KEVIN: WHOA! Note to self: beaver tails are nature's whoopee cushions *and* emotional support weapons.

MOM (OFF-SCREEN, FIRMER): Kevin Vance, I can smell baby powder from here. Whatever you're doing, it is *not* a survival skill. It's a cry for help.

CAMP COUNSELOR MIKE (OFF-SCREEN, louder now): Vance! Open up! Director Hargrove is doing his rounds and he does *not* look happy!

KEVIN: (coughing through a sudden powder explosion) It's fine! It's just… pre-diaper snow! Now, safety pins. These are basically beaver handcuffs. Watch closely.

[Barnaby sniffs the diaper, recoils like it personally insulted his mother, and tries to eat it out of spite. Kevin yelps as a safety pin snaps shut on his thumb.]

KEVIN: NO! That's not a log, Barnaby! That's 100% cotton! Step four: the tuck. You wanna create a little… poop pocket. Yeah, I said it. Poop pocket. Don't @ me.

[Barnaby wriggles like a furry tornado, giving Kevin the most betrayed, "Et tu, Brute?" look a rodent has ever mustered. Kevin's knee slips on the powdered tarp. The camera jolts. A cheap `BOING` sound effect plays unprovoked.]

KEVIN: Almost… got it… just need to… *pinch*… OW! MY FINGER!

[Barnaby backs into the cooler with a dramatic tail-flip of pure outrage, knocking over the grape soda. The liquid floods the tarp like a sugary crime scene. Barnaby sits in the puddle and stares directly into the lens with the exhausted expression of a beaver who has seen too much.]

CAMP COUNSELOR MIKE (OFF-SCREEN, banging on door): Kevin! I smell grape soda and regret! If that beaver is loose I swear I'm writing you up!

ACT III: THE SPECTACULAR FAILURE

[Kevin grabs the duct tape. The X10 transmitter catches microwave interference. The image splits into three ghosted frames like it's having an existential crisis.]

KEVIN: You just wrap it tight, like a… like a… really committed burrito!

[He lunges. Barnaby bolts with Olympic-level drama—eyes wide, teeth bared in a silent scream of "NOT TODAY, KEVIN." The diaper catches on his tail and trails behind him like a bridal train made of poor life choices. Kevin trips over the colander, crashes into the folding table, and gets tangled in diaper rolls, powder tubs, and RadioShack extension cords.]

KEVIN: I'M BEAVER-BINDING! I'M BEAVER-BINDING!

[The camcorder tips. It lands lens-up, filming the ceiling fan. Muffled crashes, frantic beaver scratching, and Kevin's hysterical breathing fill the audio. Barnaby can be seen through the window, dragging the entire diaper setup like a parachute while giving the camera one last "I will remember this forever" glare over his shoulder.]

KEVIN (OFF-SCREEN, ECHOING): THE DIAPER'S INSIDE OUT! THE SAFETY PINS ARE IN MY POCKET! BARNABY'S DRAGGING THE WHOLE THING LIKE A PARACHUTE!

[Sudden chaos outside—multiple adult voices overlapping:]

CAMP DIRECTOR HARGROVE (OFF-SCREEN, booming): What in the name of Pine-Scented is THAT?! Vance! Get that animal back here before it terrorizes the archery range!

CAMP COUNSELOR MIKE (OFF-SCREEN, half-laughing, half-panicking): It's wearing a diaper! The beaver is wearing a *diaper*! And duct tape! I can't— I'm not trained for this!

BRENDA (A/V LADY, OFF-SCREEN, shrill): Kevin Vance, if that thing chews up one more piece of camp equipment I'm erasing every single one of your tapes! Including the one where you tried to teach raccoons sign language!

[A loud `THUMP`. Through the window: Barnaby scrambling over a picnic table, one safety pin dangling dangerously close to his tail like a tiny, vengeful earring. A distant chorus of campers screaming "BEAVER IN A DRESS!" echoes.]

KEVIN (voice cracking, covered in powder): I TOLD YOU BEAVERS DON'T READ WARNING LABELS! I'M COVERED IN POOP DUST! IT'S EVERYWHERE! MY HAIR LOOKS LIKE A CLOUD HAVING A MIDLIFE CRISIS!

[Cheap `APPLAUSE & WHISTLES` track fires randomly. Barnaby's distant tail slap sounds suspiciously like sarcastic clapping.]

KEVIN (sobbing-laughing): STEP SIX: CRY IN THE CUPBOARD!

ACT IV: THE AFTERMATH

[Kevin's powdered hands grab the camcorder. The lens is smudged. White balance is stuck on sickly green. The camper door slams open. Mom stands there with Director Hargrove and Counselor Mike crowding behind her, all wearing identical expressions of "we've had it."]

MOM (now fully in frame, arms crossed, voice of pure exhausted reason): Kevin. You let a *wild beaver* loose in the campground wearing half a diaper and a grudge. The entire place smells like a baby powder factory exploded in a juice bar. I have spent the last ten minutes explaining to Mrs. Henderson why there is a beaver wearing duct tape running past her tent.

CAMP DIRECTOR HARGROVE (stepping forward, red-faced): Vance, you are banned from all wildlife activities for the rest of camp. And you're cleaning every single picnic table that beaver… decorated. With your toothbrush.

CAMP COUNSELOR MIKE (trying not to laugh): At least the kids are calling it "the Diaper Bandit." We might make it the new camp mascot. But seriously, kid—next time just do the knot-tying badge like a normal person.

BRENDA (poking her head in, holding a clipboard): And return that tape to the A/V closet labeled `WILDLIFE - DO NOT ERASE (AGAIN)`. I already have a waiting list of counselors who want to watch this trainwreck at movie night.

KEVIN (breathless, wiping powder from his nose): Well, kids… that's… that's how you *don't* diaper a beaver. Pro tip: use pull-ups. Or just let nature do its thing. Mostly because beavers have opinions. Strong ones. And apparently the entire camp staff has opinions too.

[Barnaby's distant chitter of triumph echoes from outside. A safety pin clinks into frame. Kevin holds it up like a war medal.]

KEVIN: Remember: always wash your hands. Wash your pants. And if a beaver gives you the stink eye, just back away slowly. Subscribe to… uh… this tape.

MOM (leaning into frame, deadpan): And Kevin? Next time you want to "teach survival skills," try something that doesn't involve restraining a furious mammal with arts-and-crafts supplies. Like… tying knots. Or starting a fire. Or literally anything else on God's green earth.

KEVIN (flinching): Gotta go! Mom's doing the thing with the wooden spoon! Peace out, nature nerds!

[Kevin fumbles the stop button. The camera keeps rolling on the ceiling fan, tangled cords, half-empty powder tub, and one very smug puddle of grape soda. VHS tracking snows over. The timecode glitches to `ERR:00:00`. A crude MS Paint-style `THE END` graphic fades in, slightly off-center, with a clip-art beaver now wearing a tiny, crooked diaper and flipping the bird with his tail while a cartoon Director Hargrove shakes his fist in the background.]

[Audio cuts to a loud tape eject clunk. Blue screen. Silence… followed by Mom's distant sigh, the unmistakable sound of a beaver slapping a picnic table in victory, and Counselor Mike muttering, "I'm putting this on my résumé under 'crisis management.'"]